What's in a Name

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Summary

Hannibal and Will have been married for over a year, and their daughter is now eight months old. They are still falling into routine of married and parent life, and make time for themselves. They manage.

Notes

1) No real beta or editing, taken from an RP that we do sometimes and thought it might be fun to throw up a few snippets here and there.
2) Made up sort of real science where babies are born via fake womb sperm of both fathers and a donated blank egg << very important to keep in mind.
3) Check us out on tumblr! or add us on twitter! Destinyawakened and beforethedawn.
4) Follow WIll and Hannibal on twitter!

Will had watched as Greer pushed the plexiglass playpen around the room slowly, Dante having gotten in with her to headbutt the sides toward the now bare Christmas tree. Ornaments had been taken off already, thankfully, and put away, but Greer grabbed a handful of drying pine needles to stuff into her mouth anyway.

“No, no… we don’t eat those,” Will said, bent over her, and scraping the needles from her mouth with a sigh.

Hannibal left the kitchen, and stepped into the living room to watch the little scene with a pleased smile to himself. “Our girl is determined,” he said, as he stepped into the plexiglass pen, easily, and scooped Greer up, into his arms, and looked at her, “and creative.”

“And hungry,” Will added, going to throw away the pine needles into the garbage, Dante following after him as if he wanted to get them *back* for Greer.

Greer babbled and reached her arm out to Will for her pine needles as Hannibal laughed to himself, and carried his adventurous daughter into the kitchen. “In that case, I think we can do a little better than pine needles, of all things,” he chuckled, and kissed her brown curls.

“She’s obsessed with them,” Will said, cleaning off his hand and using one foot to keep their dapper, handsome cat from trying to get back into the garbage for them.

“The allure of forbidden fruit is difficult to deny,” Hannibal said as he set Greer in her polished, wooden high chair and tied a bib around her neck. She knew food was coming, and kicked her feet while she watched Will with eyes that were aware beyond her years, and babbled at him, opening and closing her fist for a treat.

Hannibal tied an apron on, and set about making a little plate for Greer. “Lunch very soon, darling,” he said to his daughter, in a soothing voice.

“I swear she thinks she’s a dog sometimes,” Will sighed, and shucked out a few cheerios for her onto her tray to keep her occupied while Hannibal made her lunch.

Greer laughed at Will and made a little barking sound at him, her blue eyes sparkling as she did so. Dante purred, and nudged against her dangling feet, like he was in on the joke. Hannibal froze as he was cutting vegetables into flower shapes, and started at Greer, then Will. “Did she just … bark?”

Will sighed a little at the bark, having heard her do it once before, and then glanced over his shoulder at Hannibal. “She did. I thought it was… accidental the first time.”

Hannibal looked aghast, and Greer did it again, thrilled with her fathers’ reactions, then clapped her little hands for herself, and stuffed her mouth with cheerios.

“She … does think she is a dog,” Hannibal sighed, heavily, his psychiatrist’s mind computing the consequences of his daughter learning to speak dog before she learned to speak human.

“She thinks it’s funny. Her playmates are us and the dogs,” Will said, though he wasn’t sure that Hannibal would see it that way, honestly.

“Or she’s identified with the wrong species,” Hannibal fretted, darkly, slicing meat into very, very thin slices to complete the plate by the time Greer was done her cheerios. “Perhaps we should have socialized her with more children…”

Will sighed, having a feeling he might to be blamed here in the near future for so many dogs and animals in the house. “Who would you suggest? Or should I look up… playgroups?”

Hannibal arranged Greer’s delicate little lunch with a sigh, and shifted his full lips to the side before he walked the dish to Greer, and set it in front of her with a smile, and a kiss to her forehead. “Perhaps we should,” he mused, as he watched her eat. “Neither you nor I crave social interaction with strangers, but without siblings, Greer may require exposure to other children her age…”

“She’s eight months old,” Will said, with a heavier sigh, getting his phone out to look around for playgroups, not sure he really wanted to deal with that, but it was their daughter…

“Eight months old, and precocious,” Hannibal pointed out as Greer kicked her feet, happily, and started to eat her little plate of finger food that had been lovingly arranged by her father. “Social development with a peer group is vital to her identity…”

“I’ll find something,” Will murmured, sitting down at the table to pour over listings on google and yelp.

“Luckily, our schedules are rather open,” Hannibal mused as he watched Greer eat, and kept a bit of sliced grape tomato from rolling off of Greer’s plate. “Perhaps something geared to fathers, rather than mothers.”

“Between your work and schooling?” Will said, looking up from his phone for a second.

Hannibal looked back at his husband as he helped Greer pick up a bit of shredded chicken breast, and cracker. “I will find a way to make time, if necessary…”

“I can take her,” Will insisted, though hardly his idea of a good time. “You’ll just find all the sleepless mothers deplorable anyway.”

Hannibal arched one eyebrow back at Will, and fed Greer a little steamed broccoli. “Are you afraid we’ll have one of them for dinner, Will?”

“A little,” Will admitted, honestly, scrolling through all the top rated places they could take Greer. “There’s a little baby gym we can take her to.”

“That might be satisfactory, provided they keep it sanitary,” Hannibal said, and wiped Greer’s messy chin with a clean cloth as she ate. They would both have to widen their social circles a little to ensure Greer was adequately socialized, no matter how content he and Will were to stay at home with her.

“I’m sure there are requirements about that.” Even still, Will sent a quick email to the place, for more information, and to be sure it would be sanitary enough for Hannibal.

“Requirements are not always followed,” Hannibal noted, and gave Greer’s round little face a final wipe, then took her bib off of her, and picked her up to rock and burp her. “We shall see. She has been babbling a great deal lately, I had hoped that perhaps we’d have a first word by now…”

“Barks are sort of like words,” Will shrugged, trying to be reasonable.

“Barks are sounds, sounds she’s heard the dogs make. I doubt very much she’s aware of what their meaning is,” Hannibal said, and looked at Greer with a little sigh. “If imitation is the most sincere form of flattery, our dogs should feel held in high esteem.”

Greer just smiled, and grabbed at Hannibal’s chin as he spoke, then tried to chew on it.

Will just laughed, shaking his head. “It’s what kids do, in general. How they learn. Maybe we need to talk to her more.”

“Do we need to speak to you more, Greer?” Hannibal asked, and pulled his chin away from Greer’s mouth, which only held two little teeth at the very bottom. “I thought I spoke to you all the time, in many languages,” he said with a worn little smile at his lovely, but very energetic daughter.

“Maybe she is confused,” Will murmured, and set his phone down; he’d wait for an email back.

“Too many languages at once, you mean?” Hannibal asked, and rocked Greer, trying to calm her, which seemed to work for a moment. She blinked at Will, slowly. Her once entirely blue eyes were slowly turning dark, like Hannibal’s. “I suppose that is possible, she hasn’t had a chance to attach meaning to any of them…”

“I hear it’s good to do with babies, but what if four is one too many right now?” Will asked, contemplatively.

Hannibal considered it, and looked down at Greer, who was waving her hands at Dante, enthusiastically, babbling. “Perhaps only English, for now,” he said, with the tone of a parent whose child had failed a grade at school.

“How about English and one other?” Will reasoned, standing to pat Greer’s back and lean in to kiss Hannibal's cheek.

“English and Italian,” Hannibal conceded, and leaned in for the kiss to his cheek. Greer looked up at Will and reached for his beard.

“Buh buh buh!” she babbled, patting his hairy chin.

Will smiled at their daughter and rubbed his beard against her soft hands. “English and Italian then.”

Greer giggled and patted Will's beard, "Dan-daaaaay!" she said, and wiggled her arms at Will. Hannibal handed her over.

"Is she trying to say Daddy?"

Will laughed and took her, snuggling his beard against her face. "I think so?"

Greer became more excited, and hugged Will's neck as Hannibal pulled out his phone to film the moment. "Greer's first words," he narrated as he stepped closer to film her over Will's shoulder.

"Dan-day! Dan-day!!!" she chanted, gleefully.

Will smiled and looked back at Hannibal with Greer, and then kissed her soft, pink cheek. "Dandy is close enough."

"Dandy…" Hannibal chuckled, and then looked down at the cat, *Dante* , who purred up at Greer and blinked his huge emerald eyes. "Will…"

Will followed Hannibal's eyes and looked down at the cat, brows furrowed. "Oh. Dante." Will heaved a big sigh, and nuzzled Greer anyway. "Maybe she does need real people interaction and not pets."

Hannibal lifted Dante to look at Greer, and she clapped her hands, "DAN-DAY! DAN-DAY!" she shouted, excited that her fathers knew what she was talking about for the first time.

"Her first word was … the cat's name," Hannibal said, crestfallen, while Dante purred against his shoulder with a smug look on his handsome face.

" *Your* cat's name," Will pointed out, and reached to pet Dante with Greer, softly. "Dante is your best friend isn't he?"

"Dandayyyyy," Greer said as she petted him, which made Dante stretch in Hannibal's arms and purr even more loudly.

"Yes, my cat," Hannibal agreed as he looked at the sleek, elegant feline, and let himself laugh a little at the absurdity of it all. "Her first best friend, and the greatest Italian author of all time…" he added, with a little smirk. Dante as a first word was better than some ridiculous cartoon character, after all.

"It's an easy enough name too, nothing like Winston," Will pointed out.

Hannibal laughed at that, and looked at the steady, dependable mutt as he watched them from his dog bed in the corner. "She'll be saying his name too, soon enough," Hannibal said, and kissed Greer's cheek, then showed her Dante again. "This is Dante. You know his name: Dante. So, who is this, Greer? Who is this?" he asked, pointing at Will as he encouraged her to say his name.

Greer looked up at her father, staring, and Hannibal asked again. "Who is this? Who is he?

Do you know?"

"Weeeeeeeww!!!" she squealed.

Will canted his with mild amusement. "She's going to call me 'Will' instead of dad."

Hannibal laughed, and kissed Greer's face again as she clapped for herself, and giggled. "It does stand to reason, I enjoy saying your name … Will."

"WEEEW!" Greer echoed, and patted Will's beard again as she and Hannibal laughed together.

Will gave his husband a look, this one not so amused. "I see how it is. You'll get called Daddy or something, and I'll get the 'Will'."

Hannibal shrugged gracefully, and kissed Will's cheek. "She will learn that you are Daddy, and I am Papa," Hannibal assured him. "She is merely calling you what she hears you called the most."

"Maybe I need to refer to you as Papa more and not Hannibal," Will said with a snide drawl, and kissed Greer's head, setting her down onto the clean floor to crawl around a bit, supervised.

"In that vein, shall I call you *Daddy* ?" Hannibal asked, with a twinkle in his eyes, and a slow, sly curl to his lips.

"Is that what you *want* to call me?" Will asked, shivering at the thought.

Hannibal licked his lips, slowly, and smiled. "If you think it might help …. *Daddy* ," he purred, and smirked as he rolled up the sleeves of his shirt to reveal tanned, strong forearms before washing his hands in the sink.

Greer babbled Dante's name some more, and Will set up the barrier to keep her in the kitchen with them. "I think it would, *Papa* ."

Hannibal chuckled as Greer played with the cat, who flopped over on his side, happy to be pet by the little girl. He looked up and locked his gaze with Will's, still astounded at just how little it took to make the air around them charged with electricity. "It's well worth investigating."

Will wandered over to Hannibal, leaning a hip against the sink, watching him, arms folded over his chest. "I agree…" They had always had magnetic powers between them, always charged, always ready to go, even when Will wasn't aware.

Hannibal shut off the water and turned the tap off. He stayed close to Will as he dried his surgeon's hands, slowly, and looked over Will's face. "There has always been something irresistible about you when you're being stern," Hannibal smiled, and sighed.

“Name one time,” Will said, pointedly, watching Hannibal’s hand, perfectly sculpted, just like the rest of him.

“When you dragged Randall Tier’s broken body into my dining room, and told me we were even,” Hannibal whispered, well aware Will was staring.

“ *That* was stern to you?” Will asked, amused, though his eyes never left Hannibal.

“I would hardly call it gentle. You were utterly, and completely in control, and you knew it …” Hannibal stepped half an inch closer. “You enjoyed it.”

“I was pissed off,” Will sighed, canting his head as Hannibal got closer.

“Rightly so,” Hannibal said, quietly, and touched the side of Will’s waist. “I admired your fury, as I often do.”

“You did it on purpose.” Will wrapped his arms around Hannibal’s shoulders, lightly, not confining.

“Of course, I did,” Hannibal whispered back. The air between them was crackling now, like the atmosphere before lightning split it. “I needed to see you at your most honest, at your most raw … Daddy.”

Will pressed his lips together at the name, and then bit his bottom lip gazing at Hannibal. “Well, you certainly did that, Papa.”

Hannibal had never considered the erotic possibilities of the word Papa, before, but it sounded alluring on Will’s lips. He curled his fingers around Will’s back, and stroked them against the dip of Will’s spine through his shirt, faces close. “You know very well that I prefer you *wild* ,” Hannibal whispered, the word dripping with the suggestion of bloodied claws and fangs, the gleam of inhuman eyes in the dark.

“Oh, I know…” Will whispered back, leaning into brush their lips together, the magnetism between them almost too much.

Hannibal tilted his head and kissed Will hard, unable to resist the teasing brush of Will’s utterly perfect lips. He had studied them countless times, and preferred to know them by way of touch. Hannibal dragged his tongue against the part of Will’s lips, and against Will’s tongue as he pulled him closer, heart pounding.

Groaning, Will tangled his hands into Hannibal’s hair, tugging gently as their mouths meshed perfectly together. Every since they had finally come to terms, to the same level, Will had never been able to get enough of Hannibal.

Their teeth clicked together, gently, and one of Hannibal’s hands slipped down to Will’s ass, cupping it to pull them groin to groin as they shared a feverish kiss in the middle of the kitchen. Will made his heart hammer, no matter how long they’d been together, no matter how familiar they became with one another, Will was a drug to which Hannibal would never fully adapt.

“ *Papa* -” Will hummed against Hannibal’s mouth, biting the word into his lips as his growing erection sparked with need.

Hannibal bit the word from Will’s lips, and ground against his bulge with a rock of his thigh between Will’s, grinding their flesh together through the thin fabric of their trousers. Hannibal’s hand squeezed Will’s ass, savouring the perfect tone of the round, pert muscle as he bit Will’s lower lip. “I’d never considered that word erotic until today…” he sighed.

Will laughed a little at that, panting slightly, as his body started to set afire with need he knew they could not quench in front of Greer. “Context.”

Hannibal tilted his head, and scraped his teeth over Will’s throat until he found Will’s pulse, and licked it, slowly, like he could taste Will’s pounding heart through his skin. “I have always admired your turn of phrase,” Hannibal whispered, his own hunger for Will almost painful now, unable to indulge in more than a taste.

“Is it nap time yet?” Will groaned, grasping Hannibal’s shirt with limber fingers, needy and wanton as he let his head loll back.

“Yes-” Hannibal groaned, against Will’s neck, and sucked at the hot, bruising flesh under his mouth as he rutted against Will, slowly, rolling their hips together.

“Hannibal-” Will managed, clutching at his shirt as he tried to his best to pull back, to pull away long enough to scoop Greer up, but he couldn’t, too addicted to the feel of Hannibal’s hot breath and teeth on him.

Hannibal looked at Will with half-lidded, almost black eyes, and kissed him again, hard. Their heart beats were matched, perfectly synched, and they pounded against one another’s chests like bass drums as they took a last taste of each other before Hannibal stepped back. “Put her down for a nap, meet me in the bedroom.”

Will nodded, forcing himself to let go of Hannibal, biting his own lip. He scooped Greer up, who was already tired looking as she snuggled his chest and rested her head on his shoulder with a sigh. “Nap time,” he sing songed, and took her upstairs to her crib, in her own room.

Hannibal watched Will take Greer upstairs, followed by Dante, and Earl, their enormous Newfoundlander, then headed upstairs to the bedroom to undress, shedding his clothes before he waited for Will, laying on their bed.

Five minutes later, Will walked into the bedroom, shedding his boots at the door as he locked it, followed his shirt and pants, too eager. His pupils blew dark and wide as blue eyes raked over Hannibal's form. He crawled onto the bed, between Hannibal's thighs.

“Eager are we, *Papa* ?”

Hannibal smiled and wrapped his legs around Will, tightly, pulling him into a hard kiss with them. “Yes-” Hannibal groaned, and stripped Will’s underwear off of him.

Will kicked his underwear off his feet and to the floor, lying between Hannibal's legs, his thick, hard cock pressed tight to his ass. He panted against his mouth, laving their tongues together, and slipping two fingers between their mouths to wet them.

Hannibal sucked Will's fingers with gusto, which made his cheeks hollow even more dramatically than usual. He wound his tongue around and around Will's fingers, all but blowing them like a cock while he stared into his husband's stormy eyes.

"Do you really like me stern?" Will asked, voice husky with lust as he patted the bed of Hannibal's tongue softly.

Hannibal moaned his reply with another suck of Will's fingers. His cock was throbbing and stiff against his stomach, already wet at the tip.

"Turn over," Will whispered, removing his slicked fingers.

With gleaming eyes, Hannibal licked his lips, and turned over in bed, laying on the soft blankets, stretched out for his husband. "On my stomach, or would you prefer me on my hands and knees, *Daddy* ?"

"Hands and knees," Will said, rubbing his other hand over Hannibal's ass once, giving it a loving tap.

Hannibal moved slowly, and pushed himself to his hands and knees. His eyes closed at the feeling of Will's gentle slap against his ass cheeks, and looked back at him, amused. "Like this?"

"Like that," Will said, and pressed two fingers, slicked, into Hannibal's entrance, slowly, pressing lightly.

Hannibal's back arched, muscles flexing hard under the brand Mason gave him as Will pressed his fingers in. "Will-" Hannibal let slip from his lips, and pressed back against him as his hands clenched in the sheets, fisting them.

"Try again," Will said, slapping Hannibal's ass harder this time on one cheek, pressing his fingers in a little further, not far enough yet.

"Daddy-" Hannibal whispered, instead, and gasped as he ground back against Will's fingers with desperate need. His ass cheek stung with the slap, pink and hot.

Will bent over Hannibal, fingering him open now with a relentless pace, curling his fingers against the small spot inside. "That's right," he whispered back into Hannibal's ear, and slapped his ass again, twice.

Hannibal arched and moaned with closed eyes, his skin flushing rosy under his perpetual tan as he enjoyed the feeling of Will's deft fingers inside him, playing at his nerves like an instrument. "Please …" Hannibal purred, managing a look back at Will as his cock dripped on the bed sheets.

“Should Daddy fuck you? Right into the bed?” Will asked, reaching over Hannibal into the drawer by the bed, grabbing the lube. He slicked his fingers again and stretched Hannibal open a little more.

“Yes, Daddy,” Hannibal whispered, in a rough, low voice, able to feel his cock throb at Will’s words alone, “I need you to *fuck* me,” he murmured, aware of just how much Will loved it when he used obscenities, as he so rarely did.

The polished tone of Hannibal’s cadance always threw Will for a loop when Hannibal swore. He bit his shoulder for it, and slathered his own cock with lube, and replaced his fingers with it, sliding in slowly, all the way to the hilt. He clutched Hannibal’s hips with both hands as he pistoned in, shallow at first, hips slapping Hannibal’s ass as he picked up speed.

Hannibal’s head dropped with a gasp at the feeling of Will sliding into him all at once, and he groaned loudly. Will always managed to make him so crudely vocal in bed. “ *Yes* , Daddy … harder, *please* -” Hannibal whispered, breathlessly, chest heaving.

Will wrapped an arm around Hannibal’s hips, and thrust in harder, faster, hips working out a new rhythm of their own as he punished Hannibal with loud, slapping spanks with the other hand. “Fuck, Hannibal-” he growled, low against his ear, biting it.

Hannibal’s thighs spread, welcoming Will’s passion by pressing back into the heat of it. His body squeezed and burned around Will, perfectly tight, and Hannibal’s toes curled into the blankets as Will’s cock felt like it was ramming into his stomach from the inside. It was brutal, and Hannibal adored it.

Reaching between Hannibal’s thighs, Will grabbed his cock and stroked him in time with his own hips, thumbing tip with every pass of his cock against Hannibal’s prostate. He gave another slap to Hannibal’s ass, for good measure, utterly turned on with the idea that Hannibal *liked* it.

Hannibal’s head arched back, and his slapped ass arched up at the strike of Will’s calloused palm. He gasped for breath, hot and rough, and moaned as he dropped his head again. “Daddy-” he moaned, balls slapping back against Will, swinging heavily with every stroke and thrust. “You’re going to make me-”

“Do it,” Will snarled, breathing heavy into Hannibal’s ear, his whole body shaking as he pushed himself to the brink, hot coals building in his spine, daring to catch and burst aflame.

Will’s raspy, commanding voice added fuel to the fire scorching through Hannibal’s loins, up his spine, and down his thighs. “Yes, Daddy-” he managed, breathlessly and broken before he moaned, and clenched his teeth as he came, shaking from head to toe as his cock erupted over Will’s fist, and Hannibal felt his memory palace shaken at its foundations with pleasure.

Hannibal’s throbbing around his cock stroked the embers of Will’s pleasure and lust, squeezing him until he spilled over like molten lava inside of his husband, every limb shaking vigorously. “Hannibal-” he managed, hips coming to dragging slow until he collapsed against Hannibal’s back all together. He hooked his arms under his chest, over his shoulders.

Hannibal smiled to himself, and looked back at Will with sated, chocolaty eyes. Will had a way of undoing him, of making him lose control that he had never experienced before.

He bent back, and kissed the edge of Will's stubble-covered jaw, "I'll be reminded of this when I sit for a week," he whispered.

Will hummed, and kissed Hannibal's shoulder. "That just means I need to fuck you more often."

Hannibal smiled at that, and gave Will another look through a shaggy fringe of silvery hair. "I would be hard-pressed to argue."

Pulling out, Will flopped over to the side, resting next to Hannibal. "Just tell me when you need *daddy* ," he grinned.

Hannibal smirked over at his husband, and rolled to his side to kiss his lips, and held the kiss for a long, sweet moment. "I will certainly let you know," he whispered, "frequently."

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